

ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
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PREFACE

DURING several years of teaching experience in an Indian school I have used various anthologies, but have felt that all were unsuitable. The preparation of a satisfactory anthology is a difficult thing. Most of the existing selections seem to me to try to cover too many classes. Consequently, they include a good deal of 'baby-talk,' of the sort that Lewis Carroll loved to parody. This selection is only intended for the two top classes of a high school; I have not included rubbish because it was 'easy.' The most difficult poem is the desperately dull one.

Poems in dialect, ballads, etc., have been avoided. Also, such poems as *L'Allegro*, Gray's *Elegy*, and other favourites of the school anthologist; I have always found them too hard for high-school boys.

Poems of 'local colour' have been generally left out, for they are usually very poor stuff; as often as not they are about some bandit chief who does a wonderful leap across a chasm, or they are stories with dull morals. They are rarely really Eastern in colouring; and when they are, the vernacular literatures can beat them as poetry.

Two subjects have frightened most selectors, religion and patriotism. But the new generation in our Eastern dominions is so fervently patriotic that it will not resent

the knowledge that the English also are patriotic. In any case, English poetry is very inadequately represented, if patriotism and religion are left out. As to religion, there is general agreement that it is here that education has been failing badly in India. Short of Christianity, there is an immense amount of poetry, noble in feeling and theistic in tone, which could cause offence to no serious man, whatever his creed. There are countless parents who would welcome the teaching of theism, with all the sanctions to moral duty that spring from it.

I have included very little from Shakspeare and Milton. These writers will be studied later, in the colleges; also, they are usually too difficult for schoolboys.

The last section illustrates poetry where it touches the borderland of prose, so far as form is concerned. Originally I hoped to have compiled this anthology with the co-operation of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, but pressure of other tasks and ill-health have prevented this assistance. But I have to admit that it was partly the prospect of introducing his English translations to Indian boys that induced me to undertake the compilation of this book, and that was largely responsible for the last section.

Notes I have kept as few as seemed possible. Words that can be found in an ordinary dictionary I have not, as a rule, explained. I hope teachers will use the opportunities for discursive talk that many of the poems furnish, and thus make them an occasion for imparting some real education. Thus, such a poem as Walt Whitman's *My Captain* should certainly not be read without some account of Abraham Lincoln.

I have to thank, for assistance, the Revs. Alec Spooner and E. W. Thompson, Dr. Brajendranath

Seal, and Babus Saroj K. Biswas and Jyotish Chandra Ghosh. I acknowledge with gratitude the generosity of Mr. Canton and Mr. Rudyard Kipling in permitting the use of their work; also, of Mr. John Lane and Mr. Watson, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. (for Mr. J. A. Symonds' poem), Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner (for Miss Toru Dutt's poem), Sir Henry Newbolt, Mrs. Hutton (for the use of her father Mr. James Smetham's work), and Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

EDWARD J. THOMPSON.

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I
NARRATIVE

BALLAD OF LADY ROSABELLE.¹

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

' Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ; 10
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

' Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ; 15
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? '

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
 But that my ladye-mother there
 Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

20

‘Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.’

25

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

'Tt glared on Roslin's castled rock,
 't ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
 And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud, 35
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
 And glimmered all the dead men's mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold-- 45
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold--
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry ! '

' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, 5
This dark and stormy water ? '
' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

' And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together, 10
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover, 15
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ? '

Out spake the hardy Highland wight,
' I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady : 20

' And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace, 25
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer. 30

O haste thee, haste ! ' the lady cries,
 ' Though tempests round us gather ;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.' 35

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh ! too strong for human hand
 The tempest gathered o'er her. 40

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—
 ' His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade, 45
 His child he did discover ;—
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

' Come back ! come back ! ' he cried in grief,
 ' Across this stormy water : 50
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—Oh, my daughter ! '

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o'er his child, 55
 And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

HOHENLINDEN.²

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, 5
When the drum beat at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed 10
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven 15
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave 25
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

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Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet, 30
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.³

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ; 10
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done 25
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE.

THE REVENGE.⁴

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

I.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far
away :

'Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-
three !'

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : 'Fore God I am no
coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick. 6

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-threes ?'

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : ' I know you are no
coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

10 ANTHOLOGY FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore. 10

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord,

Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that
day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the
land 15

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below ;

For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain, 20

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,

And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.

' Shall we fight or shall we fly ? 25

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die !

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'

And Sir Richard said again : ' We be all good English
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, these children of the
 devil, 30
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
• With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks
and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little
craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred
tons, 40
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers
of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

VII.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a
cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud, 45
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard
lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and
went 50
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content ;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over
the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so
could fight us no more— 60
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before ?

X.

For he said ' Fight on ! fight on ! '
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
 'was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck, 65
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
 dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
 head,
And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
 over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all
 in a ring ; 70
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that
 we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain, 75
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
 stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
 was all of it spent ;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride, 81
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men !
And a day less or more 85
At sea or ashore,

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We die—does it matter when ?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain !

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain !

XII.

And the gunner said, 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made
reply : 90

' We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us
go ;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'

And the lion lay there dying, and they yielded to the
foe. 95

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

' I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true ; 100

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and
true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few ; 106

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien
crew,

And away she sailed with her loss and long'd for her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from
sleep, 111

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
grew,

Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
and their flags, 115

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered
navy of Spain,

And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island
crags

To be lost evermore in the main.

, LORD TENNYSON.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,

Old Kaspar's work was done,

And he before his cottage door

Was sitting in the sun ;

And by him sported on the green 5

His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin

Roll something large and round

16. ANTHOLOGY FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS

Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found ; 10
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head, 15
 And with a natural sigh—
 ‘ ‘Tis some poor fellow’s skull,’ said he,
 ‘ Who fell in the great victory.

‘ I find them in the garden,
 For there’s many here about ; 20
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men,’ said he,
 ‘ Were slain in that great victory.’

‘ Now tell us what ’twas all about,’ 25
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 ‘ Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for.’ 30

‘ It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,
 ‘ Who put the French to rout ;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said,’ quoth he, 35
 ‘ That ’twas a famous victory.

‘ My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;

- They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly : 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
- ‘ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then 45
And newborn baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.
- ‘ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ; 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.
- ‘ Great praise the Duke of Malbro’ won 55
And our good Prince Eugene ; ’
‘ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing ! ’
Said little Wilhelmine ;
‘ Nay . . nay . . my little girl,’ quoth he,
‘ It was a famous victory. 60
- ‘ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.’
‘ But what good came of it at last ? ’
Quoth little Peterkin :—
‘ Why that I cannot tell,’ said he, 65
‘ But ’twas a famous victory.’

R. SOUTHEY.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.⁵

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no motion;
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock 5
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock; 10
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
 The Mariners heard the warning bell ;
 And then they knew the perilous Rock, 15
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in-heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day ;
 The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
 And there was joyance in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green ;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring, 25
 It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, ' My men, put out the boat, 30
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok.'

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, 35
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, ' The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.' 40

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky 45
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land. 50
Quoth Sir Ralph, ' It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.'

' Can'st hear,' said one, ' the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell, 55
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong ;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock :
 Cried they, ' It is the Inchcape Rock ! ' 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
 He curst himself in his despair ;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear 65
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
 The fiends below were ringing his knell.

R. SOUTHEY.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
 That sailed the wintry sea ;
 And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
 To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, 5
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth, 10
 And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
 The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
 Had sailed the Spanish Main,

' I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear the hurricane. 15

' Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! '
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain 25
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

' Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
And bound her to the mast.

' O father ! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be ? '
' 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! '
And he steered for the open sea. 40

' O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ? '

'Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

'O father! I see a gleaming light,

45

O say, what can it be?'

But the father answered never a word—

A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,

With his face turned to the skies,

50

The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow

On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed

That saved she might be;

And she thought of Christ who stilled the waves

55

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and snow,

Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept

Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

60

And ever the fitful gusts between

A sound came from the land;

It was the sound of the trampling surf

On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,

65

She drifted a dreary wreck,

And a whooping billow swept the crew

Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves

Looked soft as carded wool,

70

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS* 23

But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank, 75
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*, 85
In the midnight and the snow ;
Heav'n save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town ;
For men must work, and women must weep, 5
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower, 10

And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands- 15
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town ;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep, 20
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE SANDS OF DEE.⁶

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee.’
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam, 5
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o’er and o’er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see. 10
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
 And never home came she.

' O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair, ' 15
Above the nets at sea ? '

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam, 20
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea,
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.'7

COME, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay ;
Now the great winds shoreward blow ;
Now the salt tides seaward flow ; 5
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go. 10

Call once yet.

In a voice that she will know :

' Margaret ! Margaret ! '

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear : 15

Children's voices, wild with pain.

Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.

This way, this way !

'Mother dear, we cannot stay.'

20

The wild white horses foam and fret.

Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One last look at the white-walled town,

25

And the little grey church on the windy shore ;

Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday

30

We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell ?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

35

Where the winds are all asleep ;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;

Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;

Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,

Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;

40

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail, and bask in the brine ;

Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye ?

45

When did music come this way ?

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that shè went away ?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea. 55
~~She~~ said, ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said, ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves. 60
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-cayes.'
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
' The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan. 65
Long prayers,' I said, ' in the world they say.
Come,' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still, 70
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold-blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear : 76
' Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart,' I said, ' we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'

But ah ! she gave me never a look, 80
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
 Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.

 Come away, children, call no more.
 Come away, come down, call no more.

 Down, down, down ; 85

 Down to the depths of the sea.
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings : ' O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child with its toy. 90
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.

 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun.'
 And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully, 95
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand ;
 And over the sand at the sea ;
 And her eyes are set in a stare ; 100
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,

 A long, long sigh 105
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
 And the gleam of her golden hair.

 Come away, away, children ;
 Come, children, come down.
 The hoarse wind blows colder ; 110
 Lights shine in the town.

She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar. 115
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, ' Here came a mortal, 120
But faithless was she :
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow ; 125
When clear falls the moonlight ;
When spring-tides are low !
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly 130
On the blanched sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry. 135
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing, ' There dwells a loved one, 140
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

M. ARNOLD.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.^s

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold,
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, 5
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ; 10
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were
 still.

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
 But through them there rolled not the breath of his
 pride ;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.⁹

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand ;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep, 5
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode, 10
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks, 15
They held him by the hand—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ; 20
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag, 25
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,

Till he saw the roofs of the Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view. 30

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream ;
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, 35
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free, 40
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep, 45
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter that the soul
Had broken and thrown away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.¹⁰

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the West !
Through all the wide Border his steed is the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none ;
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar ! 5

He stayed not for brake and he stoꝓt not for stone ;
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented ; the gallant came late ; 10
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So bravely he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all,
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword, 15
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,
' O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? '

‘ I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ; 20
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. ,
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar ! ’

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up, 25
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup ;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar ;
' Now tread we a measure ! ' said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace :
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, ‘ ’Twere better by
far 35
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar !’

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door ; and the charger stood
 near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! 40
 'She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush and scar,
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow !' cried young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran ;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea ; 45
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid ;
 She was more fair than words can say :
 Bare-footed came the beggar maid
 Before the king Cophetua.

In robe and crown the king stepped down, 5
 To meet and greet her on her way ;
 'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
 'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
 She in her poor attire was seen : 10
 One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
 One her dark hair and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been :
Cophetua sware a royal oath : 15
‘ This beggar maid shall be my queen ! ’

LORD TENNYSON.

WE ARE SEVEN.

. . . A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?
I met a little cottage Girl : 5
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad : 10
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
— Her beauty made me glad.
‘ Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be ? ’
‘ How many ? Seven in all,’ she said, 15
And wondering looked at me.
‘ And where are they ? I pray you tell.’
She answered, ‘ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea. 20
‘ Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;

And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be.'

25

Then did the little Maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.'

30

'You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

35

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little Maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.'

40

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

'And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

45

'The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,

50

Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

‘ So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played, 55
My brother John and I.

‘ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.’ 60

‘ How many are you, then,’ said I,
‘ If they two are in heaven ? ’
Quick was the little Maid’s reply,
‘ O Master ! we are seven.’

‘ But they are dead ; those two are dead ! 65
Their spirits are in heaven ! ’
’Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, ‘ Nay, we are seven ! ’

W. WORDSWORTH.

ALICE FELL.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned ;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways, 5
I heard the sound,—and more and more ;

It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out ;
He stopped his horses at the word, 10
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain ;
But hearing soon upon the blast 15
The cry, I made him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
' Whence comes,' said I, ' that piteous moan ? '
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone. 20

' My cloak ! ' no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break ;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

' What ails you, child ? '—She sobbed, ' Look here ! '
I saw it in the wheel entangled, 25
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed ; 30
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed !

' And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways ? '

‘To Durham,’ answered she, half wild— 35
‘Then come with me into the chaise.’

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end. 40

‘And I to Durham, sir, belong.’
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;
And all was for her tattered cloak !

The chaise drove on ; our journey’s end 45
Was nigh ; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post ;
Of Alice and her grief I told ; 50
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old :

‘And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell !’
Proud creature was she the next day, 55
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

W. WORDSWORTH.

FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox ;
He halts, and searches with his eye
Among the scattered rocks :

And now at distance can discern 5
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen,
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ; 10
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry :
 Nor is there anyone in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height ;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear : 15
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent tarn below ; 20
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land ;
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish 25
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,
 In symphony austere ;
 Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud—
 And mists that spread the flying shroud, 30
 And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
 That if it could would hurry past ;
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile
 The shepherd stood ; then makes his way 35

O'er rocks and stones, following the dog
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground :
The appalled discoverer with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history. 40

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear !
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear : 45
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered too the very day
On which the traveller passed that way.

But hear a wonder for whose sake 50
This lamentable tale I tell !
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry, 55
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot, 60
Or by his master's side :
How nourished there through that long time
He knows who gave that love sublime ;
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate. 65

II

HUMOROUS

JOHN GILPIN.¹¹

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 ' Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

‘ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair 10
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

‘ My sister and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.’ 15

He soon replied, ' I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done. 20

‘ I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,

And my good friend, the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go.'

25

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, ‘ That’s well said ;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.’

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
 O'erjoyed was he to find
 That, though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chase was stayed,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side, 45
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin, 50

When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, 55
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
'The wine is left behind!' 60

'Good lack!' quoth he, 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) 65
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew, 70
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, 75
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,

48 ANTHOLOGY FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS

Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed. 80

But, finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried, 85
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright, 90
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got 95
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105
The bottles he had slung ;

A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ; 110
And every soul cried out, Well done !
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,
' He carries weight ! he rides a race ! 115
'Tis for a thousand pound ! '

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ; 130
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,

Until he came unto the Wash 135
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

' Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house '— 145
They all aloud did cry ;
' The dinner waits, and we are tired ' ;
Said Gilpin, ' So am I ! '

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ; 150
For why ? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to 155
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the Calender's,
His horse at last stood still. 160

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him.

What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ; 165
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all ? ’

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ; 170
And thus, unto the Calender,
In merry guise he spoke :

‘ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, 175
They are upon the road. ’

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ; 180

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind ;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn 185
Thus showed his ready wit ;
‘ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dust away,
That hangs upon your face ; 190

And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John, 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton, 195
And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said,
'I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.' 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he 205
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ; 210
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away, 215
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,

‘This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.’

220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant, 225
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels, 230
The postboy’s horse right glad to miss
The rumbling of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, 235
They raised a hue and cry :-

‘Stop thief !—stop thief !—a highwayman !’
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space :
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too, 245
For he got first to town ;

Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he ; 250
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see.

W. COWPER.

THE COLUBRIAD.¹²

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
Three kittens sat ; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye ;
Not much concerned to know what they did there, 5
Not deeming kittens worth a Poet's care.
But presently a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, ' What's this ? '
When lo ! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue, 10
A viper, long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forkéd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose ;
Who having never seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse : 15
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, ' Who are you ? '
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow,
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe :
With which well armed I hastened to the spot, 20
To find the viper, but I found him not.
And, turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found.

THE COLUMBIAD

55

But still the kitten, sitting as before,
 Sat watching close the bottom of the door. 25
 'I hope,' said I, 'the villain I would kill
 Has slipped between the door and the door-sill ;
 And if I make despatch, and follow hard,
 No doubt but I shall find him in the yard ;'
 For long ere now it should have been rehearsed, 30
 'Twas in the garden that I found him first.
 Even there I found him—there the full-grown cat
 His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat ;
 As curious as the kittens each had been
 To learn what this phenomenon might mean. 35
 Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
 And fearing every moment he would bite,
 And rob our household of our only cat
 That was of age to combat with a rat,
 With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door, 40
 And taught him never to come thither more.

W. COWPER.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter ;
 We therefore deemed it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition ; 5
 We met a host and quelled it ;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.
 On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing, 10

We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them :
 They struggled hard to beat us ; 15
 But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to catch us :
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us. 20
 He fled to his hall-pillars ;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering, 25
 Spilt blood enough to swim in :
 We orphaned many children,
 And widowed many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen : 30
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
 And much their land bemoaned them,
 Two thousand head of cattle, 35
 And the head of him who owned them :
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us ;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow our chorus. 40

T. L. PEACOCK.

AN EPITAPH.¹³

HE was killed by a cannon splinter
 Quite in the middle of the winter.
 Perhaps it was not at that time,
 But I can get no other rhyme.

MARJORIE FLEMING.

THE PIG THAT COULD NOT JUMP.¹⁴

THERE was a Pig that sat alone
 Beside a ruined Pump :
 By day and night he made his moan—
 It would have stirred a heart of stone
 To see him wring his hoofs and groan, 5
 Because he could not jump.

A certain Camel heard him shout—
 A Camel with a hump.
 ‘ Oh, is it Grief, or is it Gout ?
 What is this bellowing about ? ’ 10
 That Pig replied, with quivering snout,
 ‘ Because I cannot jump ! ’

That Camel scanned him, dreamy-eyed,
 ‘ Methinks you are too plump.
 I never knew a Pig so wide— 15
 That wobbled so from side to side—
 Who could, however much he tried,
 Do such a thing as *jump* !

‘ Yet mark those trees, two miles away,
 All clustered in a clump : 20

If you could trot there twice a day,
 Nor ever pause for rest or play,
 In the far future—who can say?—
 You may be fit to jump.'

That Camel passed, and left him there 25
 Beside the ruined Pump.

Oh, horrid was that Pig's despair!
 His shrieks of anguish filled the air,
 He wrung his hoofs, he rent his hair,
 Because he could not jump. 30

There was a Frog that wandered by—
 A sleek and shining lump:
 Inspected him with fishy eye,
 And said 'O Pig, what makes you cry?'
 And bitter was that Pig's reply, 35
 'Because I cannot jump!'

That Frog he grinned a grin of glee,
 And hit his chest a thump.
 'O Pig,' he said, 'be ruled by me,
 And you shall see what you shall see. 40
 This minute, for a trifling fee,
 I'll teach you how to jump!

'You may be faint from many a fall,
 And bruised by many a bump:
 But, if you persevere through all, 45
 And practise first on something small,
 Concluding with a ten-foot wall,
 You'll find that you *can* jump!'

That Pig looked up with joyful start:
 'Oh Frog, you are a trump! 50

THE PIG THAT COULD NOT JUMP 59

Your words have healed my inward smart—
Come, name your fee and do your part—
Bring comfort to a broken heart,
By teaching me to jump ! ’

‘ My fee shall be a mutton-chop, 55
My goal this ruined Pump.
Observe with what an airy flop
I plant myself upon the top !
Now bend your knees and take a hop,
For that’s the way to jump ! ’ 60

Uprose that Pig, and rushed, full whack,
Against the ruined Pump :
Rolled over like an empty sack,
And settled down upon his back,
While all his bones at once went ‘ Crack ! ’ 65
It was a fatal jump.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might :
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was 5
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done— 10

'It's very rude of him,' she said,
'To come and spoil the fun!'

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry;
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

15

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

20

'If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

25

'O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
'A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'

30

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—

40

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER 61

Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat :
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed, 45
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four ; 50
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping thro' the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter 55
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low ;
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row. 60

' The time has come,' the Walrus said,
' To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot— 65
And whether pigs have wings.'

' But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
' Before we have our chat ;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat ! ' 70

‘No hurry!’ said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

‘A loaf of bread,’ the Walrus said,
‘Is what we chiefly need :
Pepper and vinegar, besides, 75
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.’

‘But not on us!’ the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue. 80
‘After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!’
‘The night is fine,’ the Walrus said.
‘Do you admire the view?’

‘It was so kind of you to come!’ 85
And you are very nice!’
The Carpenter said nothing but
‘Cut us another slice :
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I’ve had to ask you twice!’ 90

‘It seems a shame,’ the Walrus said,
‘To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!’ 95
The Carpenter said nothing but
‘The butter’s spread too thick!’

‘I weep for you,’ the Walrus said :
‘I deeply sympathize.’
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size, 100

Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

‘O, Oysters,’ said the Carpenter,
‘You’ve had a pleasant run !
Shall we be trotting home again ? 105
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They’d eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL.

LITTLE *KAT-BIRAL*.¹⁵

LITTLE *kat-biral*,
Running up this *sal*,
With a cheeky frisking
And a brown tail whisking !
If this straight-limbed tree, 5
As it well might be,
Main or mizzen were
Of some sea-faring sir,
And to ship-bells’ chime
If such their masts did climb 10
(Muse, you drove me to that rhyme,
When I’d no intention
Bells or chimes to mention),
Then in all this world
Of flags to winds unfurled, 15
Would not be than your
Sprightly self, I’m sure,
Little *kat-biral*,
Worthier admiral !

E. J. T.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.¹⁶

'How does the Water
 Come down at Lodore?'
 My little boy asked me
 Thus once on a time;
 And moreover he tasked me 5
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon at the word,
 There first came one daughter
 And then came another,
 To second and third 10
 The request of their brother,
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar,
 As many a time 15
 They had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store:
 And 'twas in my vocation
 For their recreation 20
 That so I should sing;
 Because I was Laureate
 To them and the King.

From its sources which well
 In the Tarn on the fell; 25
 From its fountains
 In the mountains,
 Its rills and its gills;
 Through moss and through brake,
 It runs and it creeps 30

For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds 35
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry, 40
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling ;
Now smoking and frothing 45
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent. 50

The Cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among : 55
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging, 60
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,

Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around 65
 With endless rebound !
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in ;
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound. 70

Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading, 75
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling, 80
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going, 85
 And running and stunning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking, 90
 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And moaning and groaning ;
 And glittering and frittering,

And gathering and feathering, 95
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And thundering and floundering ;
 Dividing and gliding and sliding, 100
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling, 105
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, 110
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling, 115
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar, 120
 And this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

R. SOUTHEY.

III

VERSES ABOUT CHILDREN

LAUS INFANTIIUM.¹⁷

In praise of little children I will say
God first made man, then found a better way
For women, but His third way was the best.
Of all created things the loveliest
And most divine are children. Nothing here 5
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.
And though when God saw all His works were good
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,
'Twas said of children in a later day
That none could enter Heaven save such as they. 10

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born ;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you.

And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass 15
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there !

W. CANTON.

LEGEND OF CHILDHOOD.

THE sun, the sea, the forest wild—
All nature loves a little child.

'Hence! to the woods and earn your bread!'

The woods were deep with drifted snow.

'Seek till you find where violets blow,
And bring them home,' the step-dame said. 5

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—

All nature loves a little child.

Weeping she wandered through the snow ;

The way was lone ; the wind was bleak ; 10

Weeping she went ; she could not speak—
Her little heart was choked with woe.

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—

All nature loves a little child.

Her own dear mother, if she'd known, 15

Had turned to violets in the mould ;

But oh ! the snow lay deep, and cold
Had frozen all the earth to stone.

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—

All nature loves a little child. 20

Within the woods the homeless maid

Found wreaths of snow and leafless trees.

She wanders on until she sees

A great fire in a wintry glade.

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—

All nature loves a little child. 25

Approach, dear child, and have no fear !

Twelve stones were lying on the ground,

And twelve strange men were sitting round
The gladsome fire as she drew near. 30

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
All nature loves a little child.

,

And one, upon the largest stone,
Who held a staff the chief appeared.
Oh, white and old was he ! His beard
Into his very lap had grown.

35

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
All nature loves a little child.

The old chief smiled, and cried : ‘ So ho !

What is’t the little woman seeks ? ’

40

With great tears running down her cheeks,
She spoke and told him all her woe.

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
All nature loves a little child.

‘ I have no violets, my dear ;

45

My name is January,’ he said ;

‘ But March has flowers ’—March bowed his head—

‘ Change places, Brother March ; come here ! ’

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
All nature loves a little child.

50

March sat on January’s seat ;

The snow-drifts melted ; grass was seen ;

The trees exhaled a mist of green ;

Soft breezes made the woodland sweet.

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
All nature loves a little child.

55

And violets sprang in magic store,
 And strewn with purple all the glade.
 Oh, happy, happy little maid,
 Fill full your tattered pinafore ! 60

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
 All nature loves a little child.

A lark piped silvery on a cloud.
 'There !' March cried gaily ; 'run away !'
 What ever will your step-dame say ?' 65
 And all the Twelve laughed glad and loud.

The sun, the sea, the forest wild—
 All nature loves a little child.

W. CANTON.

THE TOYS.¹⁸

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed
 With hard words and unkissed, 5
 —His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach, 15

A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful
art, 20
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death, 25
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less 30
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

C. PATMORE.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice :
Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee !
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.
 He is called by thy name,
 For He calls Himself a Lamb :—
 He is meek, and He is mild ; 15
 He became a little child :
 I, a child, and thou, a lamb,
 We are called by His name.
 Little Lamb, God bless thee ;
 Little Lamb, God bless thee. 20

W. BLAKE.

REEDS OF INNOCENCE.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me :
 ' Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ' 5
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 ' Piper, pipe that song again ' ;
 So I piped : he wept to hear.
 ' Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ' 10
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.
 ' Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read.'
 So he vanished from my sight ; 15
 And I plucked a hollow reed

LITTLE BIRDS THAT SING SO SWEET 77

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear. 20

W. BLAKE.

LITTLE BIRDS THAT SING SO SWEET.¹⁹

LITTLE birds that sing so sweet,
They deserve to taste their meat ;
With their little eye-peeps see,
Singing on the cherry-tree.

In the eve they close their eyes : 5
Lord of heaven and earth and skies !
In the morning they do sing
Praises to their God and King :

Sing to Him their joyous notes,
Warbling with their little throats. 10
They've no storehouse, barn, nor corn,
But God feeds them night and morn.

J. SMETHAM.

THE SUN'S TRAVELS.

THE sun is not abed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie ;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day, 5
We round the sunny garden play,

Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond th' Atlantic Sea, 10
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

R. L. STEVENSON.

BED IN SUMMER.

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see 5
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue, 10
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE PRAYERS.

I WAS in Heaven one day when all the prayers
Came in, and angels bore them up the stairs
Unto a place where he
Who was ordained such ministry

Should sort them so that in that palace bright 5
 The presence-chamber might be duly dight ;
 For they were like to flowers of various bloom ;
 And a divinest fragrance filled the room.

Then did I see how the great sorter chose
 One flower that seemed to me a hedgeling rose, 10
 And from the tangled press
 Of that irregular loveliness
 Set it apart—and—‘ This,’ I heard him say,
 ‘ Is for the Master ’: so upon his way
 He would have passed ; then I to him :— 15
 ‘ Whence is this rose ? O thou of cherubim
 The chiefest ? ’—‘ Know’st thou not ? ’ he said and
 smiled,
 ‘ This is the first prayer of a little child.’

T. E. BROWN.

BEDTIME.

SHE kneels and folds her baby hands,
 And gaily babbling lisps her prayer.
 What if she laughs ? God understands
 The joyous heart that knows no care.

Her prayer is like a new-fledged bird 5
 That cannot flutter to its tree ;
 But God will lift it, having heard,
 Up to the nest where it would be.

W. CANTON.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn ;
 He never came a wink too soon 5
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white, 10
 The violets, and the lily-cups—
 Those flowers made of light !
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day,— 15
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing ; 20
 My spirit flew in feathers then
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember, 25
 The fir trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky :

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER 81

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy 30
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

T. HOOD.

IV
ELEGIAC

CORONACH.²⁰

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing 5
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary, 10
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing 15
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber ! 20
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone ; and for ever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN ! ²¹

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is
won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart ! 5

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding, 11

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning ;

Here Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck . 15

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells ! 21

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

HERACLEITUS.²²

THEY told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead,
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to
 shed.

I wept as I remembered how often you and I
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the
 sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest, 5
 A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake ;
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

Translated by W. CORY from the *Greek Anthology*.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

' Oh, call my brother back to me !

I cannot play alone ;

The summer comes with flower and bee—

Where is my brother gone ?

' The butterfly is glancing bright

5

Across the sunbeam's track ;

I care not now to chase its flight—

Oh, call my brother back !

' The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed

Around our garden tree ;

10

Our vine is dropping with its load—

Oh, call him back to me !

' He would not hear thy voice, fair child !

He may not come to thee ;

The face that once like spring-time smiled 15
On earth no more thou'lt see.

' A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy !
Thy brother is in heaven.' 20

' And has he left the birds and flowers ;
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours
Will he not come again ?

' And by the brook and in the glade 25
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh, while my brother with me played
Would I had loved him more ! '

F. HEMANS.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee ;—
Their graves are severed far and wide,—
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night 5
O'er each fair sleeping brow :
She had each folded flower in sight,—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid— 10

The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none 15
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain. 20

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who played 25
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee ; ^

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth !— 30
Alas for love ! if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth !

F. HEMANS.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

DEAR Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above

The course of nature or his tender age ;
 Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage :
 Let his pure soul, ordained seven years to be 5
 In that frail body which was part of me,
 Remain my pledge in Heaven, as sent to show
 How to this port at every step I go.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.²³

MORTALITY, behold and fear !
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones :
 Here they lie had realms and lands, 5
 Who now want strength to stir their hands :
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach, ' In greatness is no trust.'
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royall'st seed 10
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin :
 Here the bones of birth have cried—
 ' Though gods they were, as men they died.'
 Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings ;
 Here's a world of pomp and state,
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. BEAUMONT.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown 5
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill : 10
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath 15
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds. 20
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. SHIRLEY.

THE CONCLUSION.²⁴

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways, 5
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

REQUIEM.²⁵

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie :
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me : 5
Here he lies where he longed to be ;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies— 5
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man : 10
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces. 15

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed— 20
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. LAMB.

V
EPIGRAMS

ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife,
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

W. S. LANDOR.

SIX EPIGRAMS FROM THE BENGALI OF
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

1. *Labour and Rest.*

Labour and Rest are bound by closest ties,
For rest falls lidlike upon labour's eyes.

2. *Self-Advertisement.*

Saith the false diamond, 'What a gem am I !'
I doubt its value from that boastful cry.

3. *Kindness and Gratitude.*

'Who art thou, silent one ?' Eyes tear-bedewed
Give Kindness answer 'I am Gratitude.'

4. *The Retort.*

Saith the End, 'One day everything will end ;
Whence, O Beginning, thy boasting is in vain !'
Saith the Beginning, 'Nay, even there, O friend,
Where there is finish, I lift my head again.'

5. *Self-Conceit.*

Swelling with pride, the moss cries "I to you—
Tank, note it down—have giv'n a drop of dew!"

6. *True Wisdom.*

Let whoso will, with shut and brooding eyes,
If earth be real or mere dream surmise!
Meanwhile let me with thirsty vision drink
Its beauty ere my sun of life shall sink!

Translated by E. J. T.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

1. *Old Age.*

What fools and babes are men, who mourn their
dead

Yet wail not when the bloom of youth is shed!

THEOGNIS, translated by E. J. T.

2. *Epitaph on Aster.*²⁶

Thou wert the morning star among the living
Ere thy fair light had fled—
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendour to the dead.

PLATO, translated by P. B. SHELLEY.

3. *The Vine to the Goat.*²⁷

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat, enough of fruit
I bear betwixt thy horns to shed
When to the altar thou art led.

Anonymous, translated by MERIVALE.

3. *Epitaph on an Unhappy Man.*

With threescore years here Dionysius lies,
 Unmarried—would his sire had been as wise !

Anonymous, translated by E. J. T.

4. *On the Dead at Thermopylae.*²⁸

Tell those of Lacedaemon, passer-by,
 That here obedient to their laws we lie.

SIMONIDES, translated by E. J. T.

POPULARITY.

SUCH kings of shreds have wooed and won her,
 Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
 It has become almost an honour
 Not to be crowned.

T. B. ALDRICH.

THE POET.

THE Poet gathers fruit from every tree,
 Yea, figs from thorns and grapes from thistles he.
 Touched by his hand, the meanest weed that grows
 Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

W. WATSON.

VI

MORAL AND REFLECTIVE

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past ;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they, 5
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe, 10
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be, 20
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY.

ST. PHILIP IN HIS SCHOOL.²⁹

THIS is the Saint of gentleness and kindness,
Cheerful in penance, and in precept winning ;
Patiently healing of their pride and blindness
Souls that are sinning.

This is the Saint, who, when the world allures us, 5
Cries her false wares, and opes her magic coffers,
Points to a better city, and secures us
With richer offers.

Love is his bond, he knows no other fetter,
Asks not our all, but takes whate'er we spare him, 10
Willing to draw us on from good to better,
As we can bear him.

When he comes near to teach us and to bless us,
 Prayer is so sweet, that hours are but a minute ;
 Mirth is so pure, though freely it possess us, 15
 Sin is not in it.

Thus he conducts, by holy paths and pleasant,
 Innocent souls, and sinful souls forgiven,
 T'wards the bright palace where our God is present,
 Throned in high heaven. 20

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE RHODORA.³⁰

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,

Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool, 5
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, 10
Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask, I never knew ;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose 15
The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.

R. W. EMERSON.

A PART OF AN ODE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day 5
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

B. JONSON.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter ' Little prig ' ;
 Bun replied,
 ' You are doubtless very big, 5
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace 10
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry :
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut.'

R. W. EMERSON.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :— 5
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 ' What writest thou ? '—The vision raised its head,

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL 107

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.' 10
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night 15
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

L. HUNT.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM.³¹

HERE, while the tide of conquest rolls
Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art, 5
Your triumphs and your glories vain,
To feed the hunger of their heart
And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and shame,— 10
Is there no room for victories here,
No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can
The foe that in your midst resides,
And build within the mind of Man 15
The Empire that abides.

W. WATSON.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do you fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile, 5
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth 10
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave : 15
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

R. HERRICK.

OUR CASUARINA TREE.³²

LIKE a huge Python, winding round and round
 The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
 Up to its very summit near the stars,
 A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound
 No other tree could live. But gallantly 5
 The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
 In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
 Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee ;

And oft at nights the garden overflows
With one sweet song that seems to have no close, 10
Sung darkling from our Tree, while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest ;
Sometimes, and most in winter, on its crest
A gray baboon sits statue-like alone 15

Watching the sunrise ; while on lower boughs
The puny offspring leap about and play ;
And far and near kokilas hail the day ;
And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows ;
And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast 20
By that hoar Tree, so beautiful and vast,
The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence
Dear is the Casuarina to my soul :
Beneath it we have played ; though years may
roll,

O sweet companions, loved with love intense, 26

For your sakes shall the Tree be ever dear !
Blent with your images, it shall arise
In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes !

What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear 30
Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach ?
It is the Tree's lament, an eerie speech,
That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith !

Ah, I have heard that wail far, far away 35
In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith

And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
 Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
 When earth lay tranced in a dreamless swoon : 43

And every time the music rose, before
 Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
 Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
 I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay 45

Unto thy honour, Tree beloved of those
 Who now in blessed sleep, for aye, repose,
 Dearer than life to me, alas ! were they !

Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
 With deathless trees—like those in Borrowdale 50
 Under whose awful branches lingered pale

‘ Fear, trembling Hope, and Death, the skeleton,
 And Time, the shadow ’; and though weak the verse
 That would thy beauty fain, oh fain rehearse,
 May Love defend thee from Oblivion’s curse. 55

TORU DUTT.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village 5
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o’er me,
 That my soul cannot resist :

THE DAY IS DONE

111

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

10

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

15

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

20

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

25

Who, through long days of labour
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

30

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

35

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice. 40

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch ! 5

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the ' Song of the Shirt.'

' Work ! work ! work !
 While the cock is crowing aloof ! 10

And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof !
 It's Oh ! to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save, 15
 If this is Christian work !

' Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim ;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim ! 20•

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

Oh, Men, with Sisters dear ! 25
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt, 30
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

' But why do I talk of Death ?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape, 35
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
Oh, God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap ! 40

' Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor— 45
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

' Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime, 50

Work—work—work—
 As prisoners work for crime !
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, 55
 As well as the weary hand.

‘ Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright— 60
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the spring.

‘ Oh ! but to breathe the breath 65
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet,
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel, 70
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal !

‘ Oh ! but for one short hour !
 A respite however brief !
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope, 75
 But only time for Grief !
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread ! ’ 80

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !

85

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !—

She sang this ‘ Song of the Shirt ! ’

T. HOOD.

VII
RELIGIOUS

O GOD, OUR HELP.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of Thy throne 5
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, 10
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night 15
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream 20
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;

Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Dr. WATTS.

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart, 5
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

All praise to Thee Who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept ; 10
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will, 15
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite. 20

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN.

HUES OF THE RICH UNFOLDING MORN.³³

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay, 5
That dancest forth at opening day,
And, brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream 10
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake, 15
Seldom of heaven and you partake ?

Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new. 20

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day, 25
Hover around us while we pray ;

New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find, 30
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer 35
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky : 40

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love 45
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBLE.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied Sun from day to day 5
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale ; 10
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ? 20
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
' The Hand that made us is divine.'

J. ADDISON.

PRAESTO.³⁴

EXPECTING Him, my door was open wide :
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him at my side :
How entered, by what secret stair, 5
I know not, knowing only He was there.

T. E. BROWN.

PREPARATION.³⁵

HAST thou a cunning instrument of play,
 'Tis well ; but see thou keep it bright,
 And tuned to primal chords, so that it may
 Be ready day and night.
 For when He comes thou know'st not, who shall say :—
 ' These virginals are apt ' ; and try a note, 6
 And sit, and make sweet solace of delight,
 That men shall stand to listen on the way,
 And all the room with heavenly music float.

T. E. BROWN.

HOLD THOU MY HANDS.

HOLD Thou my hands !
 In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
 Lord, let me feel that Thou art near,
 Hold Thou my hands !

If e'er by doubts 5
 Of Thy good fatherhood depressed,
 I cannot find in Thee my rest,
 Hold Thou my hands !

Hold Thou my hands,—
 These passionate hands too quick to smite, 10
 These hands so eager for delight,—
 Hold Thou my hands !

And when at length,
 With darkened eyes and fingers cold,

I seek some last loved hand to hold, 15
 Hold Thou my hands !

W. CANTON.

THE CALL.

I WALKED with one whose child had lately died.
 We passed the little folk i' the street at play,
 When suddenly a clear voice ' Father ! ' cried ;
 The man turned quick and glad ; sighed ; moved
 away.

I spoke not, but 'twas given me to discern 5
 The love that watches through th' eternal years ;
 God surely must so start and quickly turn
 Whene'er the cry of ' Father ! ' strikes his ears.

W. CANTON.

THE SHEPHERD-BOY'S SONG.

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have, 5
 Little be it, or much :
 And Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
 That go on Pilgrimage ; 10
 Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

J. BUNYAN.

NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL.

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
 Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
 troubled breast ;

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise, 5
 Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our
 eyes :

Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the Blesséd
 only see :

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to
 Thee !

T. CAMPION.

CROSSING THE BAR.³⁶

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark ! 10
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
When I have crost the bar.

LORD TENNYSON.

DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA.³⁷

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim, 5
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed, 10
And widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small— 15
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

ABIDE WITH ME !

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ; 5
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see :
O Thou that changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord, 10
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour :
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ? 15
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me. 20

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee :
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. LYTE.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT !

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home :
Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thôu my feet ; I do not ask to see 5
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path : but now
Lead Thou me on. 10

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till 15
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

VIII

PATRIOTIC AND ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BREATHES THERE THE MAN WITH SOUL SO
DEAD.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘ This is my own, my native land ! ’
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned 5
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ; 10
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung, 15
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again 5
 To match another foe ;
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow !
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell 15
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow !
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak 25
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow !
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND 135

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors ! 35
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow !
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow. 40

T. CAMPBELL.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.³⁸

WE have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead :
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest 5
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full !

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned ; 10
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty, 15
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*, 20
Or the wreck that struck last tide—

Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
 Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 If blood be the price of admiralty, 25
 If blood be the price of admiralty,
 Lord God, we ha' bought it fair !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE ONLY SON.

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,
 What of the dales to-night ?
 In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
 What ring of festal light ?
 ' *In the great window as the day was dwindling* 5
I saw an old man stand ;
His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand.'
 O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
 No sound of joy or wail ? 10
 " *A great fight and a good death," he muttered ;*
" Trust him, he would not fail."
 What of the chamber dark where she was lying
 For whom all life is done ?
 ' *Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying* 15
" My son, my little son."

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.³⁹

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!' 5
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed? 10
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die. 15
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them 20
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell 25
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while 30
 All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre stroke 35
 Shattered and sundered ;
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them, 40
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well 45
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ? 50
 O, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred ! 55

LORD TENNYSON.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.⁴⁰

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west
 died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
 Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
 In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar
 grand and gray ;
 ' Here and here did England help me : how can I help
 England ? '—say, 5
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
 and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

R. BROWNING.

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH.⁴¹

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Laverna Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,

By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.⁴²

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

W. COLLINS.

UNMANIFEST DESTINY.⁴³

To what new fates, my country, far
 And unforeseen of foe or friend,
 Beneath what unexpected star,
 Compelled to what unchosen end,
 Across the sea that knows no beach 5
 The Admiral of Nations guides

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

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The blind obedient keels to reach
 The harbour where thy future rides !
 The guns that spoke at Lexington
 Knew not that God was planning then 10
 The trumpet word of Jefferson
 To bugle forth the rights of men.
 To them that wept and cursed Bull Run
 What was it but despair and shame ?
 Who saw beneath the cloud the sun ? 15
 Who knew that God was in the flame ?
 Had not defeat upon defeat,
 Disaster on disaster come,
 The slave's emancipated feet
 Had never marched behind the drum. 20
 There is a Hand that bends our deeds
 To mightier issues than we planned ;
 Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
 My country, serves Its dark command.
 I do not know beneath what sky 25
 Nor on what seas shall be thy fate ;
 I only know it shall be high,
 I only know it shall be great.

R. HOVEY.

THE POET'S DREAM.⁴⁴

MOTHER, my sun had set. 'Come, child,' you said ;
 You drew me to your heart and on my head
 With kisses set an everlasting light.
 About my breast, of thorns and blossoms plight,
 A garland hung, Song's guerdon—in my heart 5

Its pangs burnt deep ; your own hand plucked apart
 The barbs and cleansed of dust and did bedeck
 With that rekindled loveliness my neck :
 You welcomed me, your son to endless years.

Rising, I ope my heavy eyes of tears ; 10
 I wake, I see—and all a dream appears.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE, translated by E. J. T.

A VISTA.⁴⁵

THESE things shall be ! A loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
 With flame of freedom in their souls
 And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be pure from fraud, and know 5
 The names of priest and king no more ;
 For them no placeman's hand shall hold
 The balances of peace and war.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
 To spill no drop of blood, but dare 10
 All that may plant man's lordship firm
 On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
 Inarmed shall live as comrades free ;
 In every heart and brain shall throb 15
 The pulse of one fraternity.

They shall be simple in their homes,
 And splendid in their public ways,
 Filling the mansions of the state
 With music and with hymns of praise. 20

In aisles majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gardens, baths, and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet
To grow by converse inly wise.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer 25
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless sacred motherhood.

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
Or by great poets half divined, 30
Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
The calm clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chaunt their heavenly songs before 35
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise. 40

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die ;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

These things—they are no dream—shall be 45
For happier men when we are gone :
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

J. A. SYMONDS.

IX
SONNETS

LET ME NOT DEEM.

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my Being was an accident,
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain 5
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed, 10
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade :
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made ?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

PRAYER.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope ; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see ; 10
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be :
 But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
 Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

AN ANTIDOTE TO CARE.

THINK that the grass upon thy grave is green ;
 Think that thou seest thine own empty chair ;
 The empty garments thou wast wont to wear ;
 The empty room where long thy haunt hath been :
 Think that the lane, the meadow, and the wood 5
 And mountain summit feel thy foot no more,
 Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding shore :
 All mere blank space where thou thyself hast stood
 Amid this thought-created silence say
 To thy stripped soul, what am I now and where ? 10
 Then turn and face the petty narrowing care
 Which has been gnawing thee for many a day,
 And it will die as dies a wailing breeze
 Lost in the solemn roar of boundless seas.

J. SMETHAM.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.⁴⁶

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ; 10
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS.

MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 O raise us up, return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power !
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, 11
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. WORDSWORTH.

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.⁴⁷

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee 5
 Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 —Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left— 10
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO
THE CITY.⁴⁸

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED 151

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. MILTON.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.⁴⁹

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
I fondly ask :—But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies ; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts : who best 10
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His
state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. MILTON.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.⁵⁰

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound ;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound ; 5
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow : a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land 10
To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

W. WORDSWORTH.

X

MISCELLANEOUS

ARETHUSA.⁵¹

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag, 5
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams ;—
Her steps paved with green 10
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams :
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep ; 15
The Earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.
Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold, 20
With his trident the mountains strook ;
And opened a chasm
In the rocks ;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind 25
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,

And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below : 30
 The beard and the hair
 Of the River-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,
 As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight 35
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.
 'Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair!"
 The loud Ocean heard, 40
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter
 Fled like a sunny beam ; 45
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream :—
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main 50
 Alpheus rushed behind,—
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.
 Under the bowers 55
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearléd thrones,
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ; 60

Through the dim beams Which amid the streams Weave a network of coloured light ; And under the caves, Where the shadowy waves	65
Are as green as the forest's night :— Outspeeding the shark, And the sword-fish dark, Under the ocean foam, And up through the rifts	70
Of the mountain cliffs They past to their Dorian home.	
And now from their fountains In Enna's mountains, Down one vale where the morning basks, Like friends once parted Grown single-hearted,	75
They ply their watery tasks. At sunrise they leap From their cradles steep	80
In the cave of the shelving hill ; At noon-tide they flow Through the woods below And the meadows of Asphodel ; And at night they sleep	85
In the rocking deep Beneath the Ortygian shore ;— Like spirits that lie In the azure sky When they love but live no more.	90

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me ;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree :
 Be the green grass above me 5
 With showers and dewdrops wet ;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

 I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain ; 10
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain ;
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember, 15
 And haply may forget.

C. ROSSETTI.

THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He passed by the town and out of the street,
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
 And he sat him down in a lonely place, 5
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

 The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
 The snake slipt under a spray, 10.

The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be 15
When the years have died away.'

LORD TENNYSON.

KUBLA KHAN.⁵²

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. 5
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion 25
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war ! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device, 35
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played, 40
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long, 45
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair ! 50
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver :
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, 5
A rivulet, then a river :
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver ; 10
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver ;
But not by thee my steps shall be, 15
For ever and for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, 5
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river, 10
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays, 15
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
 By many a field and fallow,
 And many a fairy foreland set
 With willow-weed and mallow. 20

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out, 25
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me as I travel, 30
 With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come, and men may go, 35
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers.
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers. 40

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars 45
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river, 50
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

HYMN TO DIANA.⁵³

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light, 5
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;

Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close : 10
 Bless us then with wishéd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart 15
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

B. JONSON.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily. 5
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

W. SHAKSPERE.

XI

PROSE IN FORM

PSALM 8.⁵⁴

- 1 O LORD, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.
- 2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou
established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
- 3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy
fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ;
- 4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him ?
- 5 For thou hast made him but little lower than God,
And crownest him with glory and honour.
- 6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works
of thy hands ;
Thou hast put all things under his feet :
- 7 All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field ;
- 8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
- 9 O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !

PSALM 23.⁵⁵

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul :
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for
his name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,
I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me :
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies :
Thou hast anointed my head with oil ; my cup
runneth over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life :
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM 42.⁵⁶

- 1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
- 2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God :
When shall I come and appear before God ?
- 3 My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy
God ?

- 4 These things I remember, and pour out my soul
within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the
house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keep-
ing holyday.
- 5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him
For the health of his countenance.
- 6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me :
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of
Jordan,
And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
- 7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-
spouts :
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over
me.
- 8 Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the
day-time,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.
- 9 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou for-
gotten me ?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the
enemies ?
- 10 As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries
reproach me ;
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy
God ?

- 11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
 And why art thou disquieted within me ?
 Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him,
 Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM 51.

- 1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy
 lovingkindness :
 According to the multitude of thy tender mercies
 blot out my transgressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
 And cleanse me from my sin.
- 3 For I acknowledge my transgressions :
 And my sin is ever before me.
- 4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
 And done that which is evil in thy sight :
 That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
 And be clear when thou judgest.
- 5 Create in me a clean heart, O God ;
 And renew a right spirit within me.
- 6 Cast me not away from thy presence ;
 And take not thy holy spirit from me.
- 7 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation :
 And uphold me with a free spirit.
- 8 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ;
 And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
- 9 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God
 of my salvation ;
 And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

- 10 O Lord, open thou my lips ;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
- 11 For thou delightest not in sacrifice ; else would I
give it :
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt offering.
- 12 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit :
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt
not despise.

PSALM 90.⁵⁷

- 1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place
In all generations.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
- 3 Thou turnest man to destruction ;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
- 4 For a thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.
- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are
as a sleep :
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.
- 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
- 7 For we are consumed in thine anger,
And in thy wrath are we troubled.
- 8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

- 9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath :
We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.
- 10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten,
Or even by reason of strength fourscore years ;
Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow ;
For it is soon gone, and we fly away.
- 11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger,
And thy wrath according to the fear that is due
unto thee ?
- 12 So teach us to number our days,
That we may get us an heart of wisdom.
- 13 Return, O Lord ; how long ?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
- 14 O satisfy us in the morning with thy mercy ;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
- 15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou
hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
- 16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory upon their children.
- 17 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us ;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM 95.

- 1 O COME, let us sing unto the Lord :
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our
salvation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

- 3 For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
- 4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth ;
The heights of the mountains are his also.
- 5 The sea is his, and he made it ;
And his hands formed the dry land.
- 6 O come, let us worship and bow down ;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker :
- 7 For he is our God,
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep
of his hand.

PSALM 103.⁵⁸

- 1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul ;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
- 2 Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits :
- 3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ;
Who healeth all thy diseases ;
- 4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender
mercies :
- 5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.
- 6 The Lord executeth righteous acts,
And judgements for all that are oppressed.
- 7 He made known his ways unto Moses,
His doings unto the children of Israel.

- 8 The Lord is full of compassion and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
- 9 He will not always chide;
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
- 10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us after our iniquities.
- 11 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
- 12 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
- 13 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
- 14 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.
- 15 As for man, his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
- 16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
- 17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
- 18 To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his precepts to do them.
- 19 The Lord hath established his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
- 20 Bless the Lord, ye angels of his:
Ye mighty in strength, that fulfil his word,
Hearkening unto the voice of his word.

- 21 Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts ;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
- 22 Bless the Lord, all ye his works,
In all places of his dominion ;
Bless the Lord, O my soul.

PSALM 121.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains :
From whence shall my help come ?
- 2 My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
- 3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
- 4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
- 5 The Lord is thy keeper :
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
- 6 The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
- 7 The Lord shall keep from all evil ;
He shall keep thy soul.
- 8 The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.

ST. FRANCIS'S CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES.⁵⁹

O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong
praise, glory, honour, and all blessing !

Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures ; and
specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day,
and who brings us the light ; fair is he, and shining with
a very great splendour : O Lord, he signifies to us thee ?

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for
the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for
air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which
thou upholdest in life all creatures. 11

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very
serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and
clean. 14

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom
thou givest us light in the darkness ; and he is bright,
and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the
which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth
divers fruits, and flowers of many colours, and grass. 20

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one
another for his love's sake, and who endure weakness
and tribulation ; blessed are they who peaceably shall
endure, for thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a
crown ! 25

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the
body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who
dieth in mortal sin ! Blessed are they who are found

walking by thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm. 30

^Praise ye, and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto him, and serve him with great humility.

Translated by M. ARNOLD.

GITANJALI.

11.⁶⁰

LEAVE this chanting and singing and telling of beads ! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut ? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee ! 4

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground, and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil ! 9

Deliverance ? Where is this deliverance to be found ? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation ; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained ? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow. 16

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

GITANJALI.

43.⁶¹

THE day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee ; and entering my heart unbidden even as one of the crowd, unknown to me, my king, thou didst press

the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life. 5

And to-day when by chance I light upon them and see thy signature, I find they have lain scattered in the dust mixed with the memory of joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten. 9

Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my play-room are the same that are echoing from star to star. 12

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

GITANJALI.

76.

DAY after day, O lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face ? With folded hands, O lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face ?

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence, with humble heart shall I stand before thee face to face ? 5

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face ?

And when my work shall be done in this world, O King of Kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face ? 11

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

NOTES.

1. **Roslin** is near Edinburgh. It contains a very beautiful old chapel, which is famous for its pillars, carved with leaves and roses. The barons of Roslin are buried in full armour under the floor. The chapel is believed to blaze with light, when any one of the family is going to die.

blackening wave : dark because of gathering clouds.

inch : island.

gifted seer : many men, especially in the Highlands, were supposed to have the power of foreseeing things that were to happen.

sacristy : a room where sacred vessels and clothes are kept.

pinnet : pinnacle.

chapelle : chapel.

2. On Dec. 2, 1800, the French under Moreau defeated the Austrians at Hohenlinden in Bavaria.

3. **Sir John Moore** was killed at the Battle of Corunna, in Spain, 1809.

4. This sea-fight took place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

the weather bow : that side of the front part of the ship that was sheltered from the wind.

Don : Spanish gentleman. **tiers** : rows.

5. **The Inchcape Rock** is off the east coast of Scotland.

6. **The Dee** is a river in North Wales. Its mouth is surrounded by wide sands, which are dry at low tide.

7. The story is that of a mortal woman wedded to a merman or sea-spirit.

wild white horses : white-crested waves.

The caves mentioned in the poem are partly dry at low tide. Here the sun's rays pierce dimly and gleam on the water (**spent lights** : exhausted, as though by travelling a great way to reach the caves). The seals feed in the mud, and the sea-snakes dry their glossy skins on the ledges, in the salt air (**the brine**).

sea-stocks : a kind of wild flower.

leaded panes : in English church-windows, the sections of glass are set in lead.

blanched sands : white with moonlight.

8. See the *Bible*, Chronicles II. 32, v. 21.

Ashur means Assyria. **Baal** was the Assyrian sun-god.

9. This poem is about an African chief, supposed to be kidnapped and made a slave in the United States of America.

Caffre—now spelt **Kafir** : negro.

river-horse : hippopotamus.

10. **galliard** : a kind of dance.

croupe : a horse's hind-quarters.

11. **train-band** : citizen soldiers, volunteers.

eke : also.

"after we" : ungrammatical, humorously.

Wash : wet place.

12. **Coluber** is Latin for a snake. **Colubriad** is a mock-heroic title for a poem about the destruction of a snake. The great Greek poem about the destruction of Ilium or Troy is called the *Iliad*.

Count de Grasse : admiral of the Dutch in their wars with England. He wore a long pigtail.

13. These lines are by a little girl who died at the age of eight. She was a great friend of Sir Walter Scott.

14. A **trump** : colloquially, means "a good fellow." The term comes from the game of cards.

15. **Kat-biral** is Bengali for "wood-cat," the name of the grey squirrel.

16. **Lodore** is in Cumberland, in the north of England.

A **gill** is a deep valley.

17. **Laus Infantium** means "Praise of little children." Christ said, "Unless ye become as little children, ye shall in nowise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

reflex : reflection.

18. **abraded** : scraped or rubbed.

19. The author was a child of nine when he wrote these lines.

20. A **coronach** is a Highland lament for the dead.

correi : wood on a hillside.

cumber : trouble, danger.

21. This poem refers to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. He guided the country through a terrible civil war—the **fearful trip** referred to in the poem.

22. The Greek Anthology is a collection of very short poems, many of them very beautiful. This is a lament by a poet for the death of a fellow-poet.

Caria was in Asia Minor.

23. **bones of birth** : bones of men of high family.

24. These lines were written by Sir Walter Raleigh in his Bible, the night before his execution. Time is compared to a fraudulent money-lender, who takes all we have and gives nothing of value in return.

25. These lines are inscribed above the author's grave in Samoa.

26. **Aster** means a star. The morning and evening stars are the same star. The poet pays this compliment to his dead friend, whose name meant "Star." Shelley applied the poem, after translating it, to John Keats, the poet, who had just died.

27. Grapes were used to decorate an animal when led up for sacrifice.

28. At the Battle of Thermopylae, 480 B.C., three hundred Spartans died, fighting a great host of Persians. Their laws forbade them to flee from battle.

29. This is a picture of the ideal teacher.

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30. The *Rhodora* is an American flower; the red-bird an American bird.

that cheapens his array : that by its beauty makes his fine feathers look poor in comparison.

31. The poem means that, while the Empire is expanding, and prosperity and civilisation increasing, there is dreadful poverty and ignorance among the lower classes. This is true of all countries, and patriots should take it to heart. While Indians like Sir Rabindranath Tagore and Drs. Boze and Roy are spreading their country's fame, the mass of the people, including nearly all the women, remain uneducated, and from ignorance of sanitary laws many die of disease.

distant golden shore : distant lands, by trade with which we grow rich.

32. The *Casuarina* is an Australian tree, now commonly found in India. Every Indian student should know the story of Toru Dutt, the wonderful girl who did so much before she died at the age of twenty-one. The last stanza contains a reference to a famous poem of Wordsworth's, which need not trouble the reader here. Borrowdale is in Cumberland. The fourth stanza means that Toru Dutt remembered the tree when she was in France and Italy.

33. the beam celestial : the light of the rising sun. ll. 39-40 mean that we should share the common life of men, and not try to live apart.

34. Praesto means "At hand."

35. virginals : an old English musical instrument.

36. Tennyson's last poem. The bar is the sand which collects at a river's mouth, and can only be crossed by large vessels at high tide.

37. The title means "The Lord is my light." These lines came to the author in a dream. He dreamt he was at the funeral of an old friend who had died many years previously, and heard this song sung by the mourners.

38. sheering gull : the gull flies for the most part in broad circles, but often swerves or "sheers off" to one side.

slinks : drops, leaves.

forlorn : forlorn.

the Ducies : one of the uttermost outposts of the British Empire, islands to the east of Australia.

the Swin : the channel by which ships pass from London to the North Sea.

the Golden Hind : the famous ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world.

39. At the Battle of Balaclava, in the Crimean War. The charge was due to a misunderstood order.

40. All these places are close together, on the coast of Spain, and at all occurred famous English victories.

41. During the eighteenth century, many people left England and Scotland and followed the Stuart family, who had been driven from the throne. These were called Jacobites. The places mentioned are either in Northumberland or in Italy. The county of Northumberland contained many Jacobites.

42. This poem was written in 1746, and commemorates those who died in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745-6.

Laverna is one of the Apennine heights in Italy.

Arno is the river on which Florence stands.

Tees is a river in the north of England.

43. These lines were written about the United States of America.

Lexington is the place where the first encounter took place between the British troops and the Americans. Thomas Jefferson drew up the American Declaration of Independence, 1776.

Bull Run was the first battle of the American Civil War, generally called the War of Secession ; it was fought in 1861. This war resulted in the abolition of slavery. The Northern States were defeated by the Southern States in many battles before they finally were victorious.

Had never marched behind the drum : the Northern States formed some of the slaves into soldiers.

44. **Mother** : his motherland, Bengal. The Bengali title of this poem is *Asha*, Hope.

plight means "woven."

45. **Inarmed** : unarmed.

placeman : selfish politician, who only cares about his own position.

young-eyed joys : spirits in God's presence, before His throne.

46. George Chapman was a poet of the time of Queen Elizabeth, who translated the Greek poet Homer into English.

Cortez conquered Mexico, 1517.

Darien : the Isthmus of Panama.

the realms of gold : poetry.

47. Switzerland was conquered by the French in 1798, and again in 1803.

48. In 1642, the King, who was at war with his Parliament, threatened to attack London, where Milton was living.

Colonel is now pronounced as two syllables only.

The great Emathian (Emathia was a district in Macedon, of which Alexander was king) conqueror is Alexander the Great, who spared the house of the famous poet Pindar, when he sacked Thebes. Similarly, the other states of Greece are said to have intended, when they captured Athens in 404 B.C., to raze it to the ground and make a pasture of it; but some lines from *Electra*, a drama by the tragic poet Euripides, so affected them that they spared the town.

49. The teacher should read to his students Milton's other sonnet on his blindness, that to his friend Cyriac Skinner, and explain how the poet lost his sight.

50. Petrarch, Dante and Tasso were Italian poets; Camões, Portuguese.

51. **Arethusa** was a fountain in the island of Ortygia in Sicily.

Alpheus, a river, rising in Arcadia, in Greece. Alpheus for part of its course flowed underground, so there was a legend that the river-god loved a stream in the Acrocerania mountains, and pursued her under sea to Sicily, where the two streams became one fountain.

Acrocerania was a promontory in Epirus, north of Greece.

with many a jag : leaping, lightning-fashion, crookedly from one rock to another.

Erymanthus : a mountain in Arcadia.

The Dorians were one of the three races of which the Ancient Greeks consisted. Peloponnesus (now called the Morea) was inhabited by Dorians, who also colonised most of Sicily.

Asphodel: a lily, fabled to grow in Elysium, the home of the good dead. Asphodel and the English daffodil are the same word originally.

52. This poem came to Coleridge in a dream; a visitor interrupted him as he was writing it down, and the rest was lost.

Kubla Khan is the famous Chinese conqueror and emperor (1216-94).

Mount Abora is in Abyssinia.

53. **Diana** (the Greek **Artemis**): the Roman goddess of chastity, the divine huntress.

Hesperus is the evening star.

thy silver chair: the moon.

54. v. 2, means that God has brought the wicked and cruel to shame by the hands of weak things.

55. If this psalm was written by King David (who was once just a shepherd-boy), then in v. 5 he remembers the time when he was an exile, hunted like a wild beast by his enemy King Saul. God had often then provided him with food in the wilderness, and his enemies had not been able to attack him.

56. The writer is in exile, in the country to the north of Palestine (where the hills of **Hermon** and **Mizar**, and the beginnings of the river **Jordan** are). He remembers his old days of joy, when he had joined in the religious festivals at Jerusalem. Around him he hears the mountain waterfalls (v. 7), and their waters remind him of the waves of grief that have gone over him.

57. This psalm is ascribed to Moses, the great warrior and statesman, who led the Israelites out of Egypt. If it is by him, then it is the prayer of a race who are dying in the desert. They see the grass growing up quickly, and dying again in the hot sun, and it seems to them like their lives, perishing there in the sand and heat.

v. 11. God's wrath at man's sin is in proportion to the reverence and obedience man owes Him.

vv. 14 to the end. They beg God to return to them soon, and to stay with them and their children, giving them joy in requital of their long years of sorrow.

This psalm is included in the beautiful English burial-service. It was to its words that John Hampden, the stainless patriot,

was carried to the grave after his death from a wound received in battle in 1643.

58. The eagle is the type of strength.

59. Saint Francis was born in 1182, at Assisi, a little town among the hills of North Italy. He lived carelessly at first; but God called him, and he became one of the noblest saints the world has known. His life was full of joy and gentleness, and he felt that all things, not beasts and birds alone, but the very flowers and water, were his brothers and sisters. Tennyson says

"Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,
He that in his catholic wholeness used to call the very
flowers

Sisters, brothers—and the beasts, whose pains are hardly
less than ours!"

("Catholic wholeness" means "freedom from narrowness of sympathy.")

the second death is spiritual death, banishment from God's presence.

60. Rabi Babu has himself acted as he advises us. He has not been a poet alone, but has taught at Bolpur. Many of England's noblest men have been schoolmasters, and what India needs is that more of her best sons should seek, not the honoured paths of Government service, but the still more useful work of helping and raising the people.

61. Looking back on his life, the poet sees God present in many tiny joys and sorrows. The same God that is mighty in the stars is gentle with little children, and comes near to them, and helps them.

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